Number St.

by ghostie ft. Oliver

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One, two, way out there
There's nothing there, there's nothing there
But in my memory
There's railroad tracks, polluted air
Electric substations are what this town survives on
Yet today, it isn't there
It isn't there

Three, four, and again
There's nothing here nor nothing there
My home is nowhere now
A city long forgotten
Today I took the train, and sure it got me nowhere
Well, it's just like they always said

It isn't there...

Today, I'm living on and everything's so vague
Oh, today, I'm living on and many things are blurry
Yet today, you were never here
You were all I had

Five, six, pick up sticks and wish you were somebody else
And in my memory, there's no one much to think about
And seven, eight, trains and games are what this town survives on
Yet to me, I couldn't care
I couldn't care

Ah...

One, two, way out there, there's nothing there, but
Three, four, and again there's nothing here, nor nothing there, and
Five, six, pick up sticks and wish you were somebody else, and
Seven, eight, trains and games are what this town survives on, oh

Today, I'm living on and everything's a burden
Oh, today, I'm living on, so many things that I don't know
Today, you were never here
It's spinning round and round and
It's spinning round and round and

Hey, I'm living on and nothing's getting better
Oh, today, I'm living on and everything's a nightmare
Oh, today, I will never be

It's spinning round and round and
My head is spinning round today